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PREDICTION AND FULFILMENT,

TWO

# Political Odes

RELATIVE TO THE ELECTION OF

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS,

AS

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

BY LEROY ANDERSON.

RICHMOND:

PRINTED BY T. W. WHITE, MARKET-BRIDGE.

.....

1825.



## PREFATORY NOTE.

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IN the summer of 1809, being a temporary resident of the mountainous and romantic country above *Lynchburg, Virginia*, the author of the following trifles, read for the first time, Mr. ADAMS'S *Valedictory Address* to the class attending his Lectures on Rhetoric, on leaving them to proceed on his embassy to Russia.

Being much affected by the feeling and eloquence displayed in the Address, the author ventured to predict in an essay published at the time, in one of the Lynchburg papers, that *Mr. Adams* would become President of the United States;—and on the return of *Mr. A.* from Russia, this anticipation was, in 1817, commemorated in a poetical effusion addressed to *Mr. A.*, which forms the first of the two pieces now published, under the title of "*Prediction.*" Though often shown in MS. it is now for the first time committed to the press. Its subsequent "*Fulfilment,*" has of course been written since the fact of *Mr. A's.* election was ascertained.





TO  
**JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.**

---

*Adams*, a bard to thee unknown, I deem,  
Awakes a friendly but unpractised lyre,  
Thy civic virtues offer him a theme,  
Thy genius and thy worth his lays inspire.

---

PREDICTION.

EIGHT years are past, since in the shade,  
Where distant in the western skies,  
The *Peaks of Otter*, stand displayed,  
Like towers that o'er the landscape rise,  
To Massachusetts' youth addressed,  
Thy *Valedictory*, I read,  
And felt within my conscious breast,  
The glow of admiration spread.

Nor I alone, the warm effusion felt—  
Each votary of feeling and of taste,  
By literature, or love of country graced,  
On the same genial picture raptured dwelt ;  
By all *Columbia's* public prints diffused,  
That farewell lecture, every bosom warmed;  
Its style at once instructed and amused,  
Its eloquence inspired, its feeling charmed.

## PREDICTION.

Then *Fancy*, with prophetic eye,  
The veil of dark futurity,  
Pierced—and beheld thy star ascend  
To the meridian of renown,  
Where statesman, sage, and patriot blend,  
And better than a monarch's crown,  
*Columbia's* chief receives the high reward,  
His country's glorious destinies to guard.

The vision pleased ; and with predictive pen,  
I bade our mountain print announce thy name,  
Next on the list of those illustrious men,  
By freedom's votes already crowned with fame ;  
As *Madison's* successor, I foretold,  
Thy country's voice would call thee to the chair ;  
Prophetic ardour took a flight too bold,  
And “disappointment smiled at hope's career.”

## PREDICTION.

7

Yet, had not destiny ordained,  
Or thy enlightened choice declared,  
That distant from thy native land,  
Its welfare thou could'st better guard,  
My prophecy had not been vain—  
    With deference for thy claims inspired,  
    *Monroe* perhaps had not desired  
His present eminence to gain.

Too oft *Virginia's* sons had favoured been,  
In sharing the first office of the state,  
And with regret by candid minds 'twas seen,  
Another triumph must her brow elate :  
Full many wished that virtuous *Monroe*,  
More north or south, his earliest breath had drawn,  
That no discordant jealousies might flow,  
From a new honour to *Virginia* shown.

Hence, may it fairly be inferred,  
If absence had not veiled thy claim,  
Thy talents, services and fame,  
Above *Monroe's* had been preferred.  
At *home, abroad*, thy steady zeal,  
In *senates*, and in *Europe's courts*,  
Thro' life has served the public weal,  
Which now thy pen so well supports.

Like thy illustrious, patriotic sire,  
Thy eloquence and energy have moved  
The proudest thrones of *Europe*, to admire  
*Columbia's* cause—and watchfully improved  
Each fortunate occurrence that arose,  
To animate her friends, and awe her foes ;  
Each triumph of her sons, by land or sea,  
Thy diplomatic zeal thus made a double victory.

## PREDICTION.

How swelled with patriot joy thy breast,  
When gallant *Hull's* successful blow,  
First humbled *Britain's* haughty crest,  
And taught her pride our strength to know!  
What pleasure sparkled in thy eye,  
When *Jones* a second trophy won!  
But when *Decatur's* deed was done,  
Thy exultation rose to ecstasy.

And well it might—the trump of fame had blown  
Wide thro' the world, the triumph of our arms;  
Admiring *Europe* echoed our renown,  
And *Britain's* throne was shaken with alarms.  
Nor felt alone our diplomatic corps,  
Their own importance with their country's rise;  
*Americans* of every class, on every shore,  
Assumed a loftier post, and prouder rolled their eyes.

## PREDICTION.

Proud times were those—yet brighter days,  
In destiny's unopened page  
Reserved, perhaps, may higher raise,  
The triumphs of the present age.  
Then ably guide with skilful hand,  
The helm entrusted to thy care,  
And let the glory of our land,  
Thy wisdom, zeal, and talents share.

Thus, ere the present century shall round  
The second decade of its circling years,  
May *Quincy's* name in every State resound,  
Joined with the praise that public life endears.  
And wisely moderate, should *Monroe* decide,  
A second term of office to decline,  
May the next name that's summon'd to preside  
First in the Nation's choice, be *Adams*, thine.

*Richmond, August, 1817.*

## FULFILMENT.

---

“ May the next name that’s summoned to preside  
First in the nation’s choice, be *Adams*, thine !”

---

SO closed a strain of former days,  
Spontaneous sung in *Adams*’ praise ;  
And tho’ its prophecy was bold,  
And years of doubt between have rolled,  
Its truth has gained the stamp of fate,  
To give it currency and weight ;  
And *Adams*, called by Heaven’s command,  
Presides in wisdom o’er the land.

For this auspicious, pleasing consummation,  
Which crowns the brightest prospects of the nation,  
Let all enlightened citizens rejoice,  
And grateful millions raise a thankful voice ;  
And may *Virginia*’s liberal sons, at length,  
*All* join to swell the general anthem’s strength ;  
And let the well earned praise of *Adams* rise  
Without a note of discord, to the skies !

*Crawford*, the great example set,  
And mindful of thy native State,  
Magnanimously lead the way,  
Its lofty spirit to display ;  
A spirit that disdains the art,  
Of a malignant, envious heart,  
And drops, as soon as contest ends,  
The rival's part, to play the friend's.

So, when the *Grecian* chiefs were drawn of yore,  
By beauty's charms to *Lacedemon's* shore,  
And all the noblest spirits of the land,  
Contended keenly for bright *Helen's* hand,  
Soon as her smile, the young *Atrides* won,  
The strife was ended, and their warfare done ;  
The rival chiefs, like generous friends combined,  
To guard the sceptre, which their hopes resigned.





Thee, generous *Clay*, we see with pride,  
Already on the *Adams'* side,  
And foremost of the friendly band,  
In the great council of the land,  
His talents and his worth to own,  
His public services to crown,  
And to the highest station raise  
The zeal and virtue he displays.

Keep near him, *Clay*, and let the vivid glow  
Of thy enlightened mind, its ardour throw  
Into each measure which his patriot mind,  
In freedom's cause, has gen'rously designed ;  
Wide o'er the west and south, combined diffuse  
The blended lights of your expanded views ;  
And let *America's* entire extent,  
Reap the rich harvest of your grand intent.

The present is an age sublime,  
As ever graced the march of time;  
And never did prophetic eye  
See freedom's lustre rise so high ;  
From *Arctic* to *Antarctic* sea,  
Extends the light of liberty ;  
And o'er the west, beyond control,  
Will " spread the truth from pole to pole."

And while the friends of liberty and light,  
O'er all the earth, exultingly unite  
In the great hope, that here, the cause of man,  
In wisdom, peace, and harmony may reign ;  
Is there one *selfish* spirit that would mar  
Their gen'rous hope, by kindling party war ?—  
Forbid it Heaven ! with patriot ardour fire,  
And freedom's sons with nobler views inspire!

*Jackson*, with confidence to you,  
We next direct our brightening view,  
Convinced thy lofty spirit must  
Prove to a rival's virtue just,  
And bid the millions that attend  
With thee to hail him foe, or friend,  
In *Adams'* worth their faith repose,  
And so the generous contest close.

So may the martial wreath that proudly now,  
With graceful laurel ornaments thy brow,  
Entwined among its verdant leaves unite,  
Of civic praise, an added circlet bright ;  
And while all selfish purposes above,  
Thy moderation gains esteem and love,  
May the enduring page of virtuous fame,  
With *Washington's* enrolled, exalt thy name!

'Tis not for soldier, patriot, sage,  
 Like thee, a covert war to wage,  
 And bend from thy exalted place,  
 To join with men of humbler race,  
 In organizing faction dread,  
 'Till over all the land it spread,  
 And freedom's lovely, peaceful realm,  
 With civil discord overwhelm.

To higher destinies of glory born,  
 No *Julian* wreath shall *Jackson's* brow adorn ;  
 Our country's peace and happiness his aim,  
*His* shall as far surpass the *Roman's* fame  
 As *Mississippi's* proud majestic course,  
 O'erswells the celebrated *Tyber's* force;  
 Or the pure triumph at *New-Orleans* won,  
 Transcends the guilty passage of the *Rubicon*.





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